

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES....VOL. 5. NO. 23.

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THE BELMONT CHRONICLE,
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BY H. J. HOWARD & E. R. COWEN.

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POETRY.

"THE DAYS' GONE."

By the author of "Martha Hopkins."

"The day is gone"—Longfellow.

The day is done, and darkness
From the wing of night is loosed,
As a feather is wafted downward
From a chicken going to roost.

I see the lights of the baker
Gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That I cannot well resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not like being sick,
And resembles sorrow only
As a bricket resembles a brick.

Come, get for me some supper—
A good and regular meal,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the pain I feel.

Not from the pastry baker,
Not from the shops for cake,
I wouldn't give a farthing
For all that they can make.

For, like the soup at dinner,
Such things would best suggest
Some dishes more substantial,
And to-night I want the best.

Go to some honest butcher,
Whose beef is fresh and nice,
As any they have in the city,
And get a liberal slice.

Such things through days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
For sad and desperate feelings,
Are wonderful remedies.

They have an astonishing power
To aid and reinforce,
And come like the "finally brethren,"
That follow a long discourse.

Then get me a tender sirloin
From off the bone of beef,
And lend it its sterling goodness
The science of the cook.

And the night shall be filled with comfort,
And the cares which it began
Shall fold up like blankets like Indiana,
And silently cut and run.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RECLAIMED DRUNKARD.

BY WINNIE.

"Twas evening. The solemn grandeur of
the scenery around cast a saddening influence
over the soul. The sun had passed behind
the western cliffs, and its last lingering ray
cast a tint of pale light over the dark calm
waters of the lake, and the fitful night breeze
whispered strange things among the leaves
of the jessamine that hung in graceful
fascines across the open window. The soft
moonbeams stole silently into that cottage
which stood by the lake, revealing the forms
of its inmates. There, pale and sorrow-stricken,
robbed in mourning's sombre hue, sat the
mother: at her side reclined a fair young girl,
of some twelve summers, one of earth's bright-
est stars. Nature had penciled, with delicate
shade, the rose on her cheek, and her bright
and happy countenance told of the purity of
her soul; but her usually mirthful eye had
something of sadness in it, as, looking from
under the golden ringlets that shaded her
pure brow, into her mother's face, she said,
dear mother, I remember well when we lived
in the city, in such a beautiful house, with
fine marble steps, and every thing so grand,
but I love our dear little cottage, I wish you
did mother—with its sweet jessamines, and
the white wall peeping from the bright green
leaves, and my lovely flower garden too. Oh,
yes, I love this much better than I did our
home in the city.

My dear Laura, it is not the loss of wealth
and luxury that makes me unhappy, for we
have still sufficient to maintain us very com-
fortably; but other troubles of a deeper kind.
Your brother, you know that he is not with
us. Oh! my dear boy, were you but here,
this home would be a paradise.

I remember brother Charles too, exclaimed
Laura, with a tear glistening in her clear blue
eye. He often took me with him to the coun-
try. We have walked together in the green
fields, and all through the grove, to gather
wild flowers, and we have sat for hours be-
neath the shade of the tall forest trees, while
brother would relate many anecdotes for our
amusement and instruction. We have often
stood on the summit of some high hill, ad-
miring the gorgeous sunset, and then sought
our home when the bright stars were appear-
ing, one by one, in the blue sky above us.
Oh, indeed, he was a dear good brother.

Yes, your brother was naturally noble and
generous—but now you may take your harp
and play a tune. Music softens the recollec-
tions of the past. I feel unusually sad this
evening—the hours appear mysteriously long.
I will, my dear mother, with the greatest
of pleasure; and going to the harp she gently
ran her delicate fingers over the strings.
Sister Mary, will you not sing for me! she
said, addressing a lovely girl of some eighteen
summers, who sat gazing from the window,
wrapped in deep thought. A tear stood in
her large dark eye, and throwing back her
locks of jetty hair, she began in a voice clear
and melodious, "my brother has left me."

The rich melody was sung in a faltering tone,
and the gentle breeze wafted it far away o'er
the deep still lake. The last note had ceased
to vibrate, and the inmates of that cottage
sat wrapped in their own meditations, gloomy
or pleasant as it might happen to be. All
there was silent, yet they heard not the light
ply of the oar as it dipped in the silvery wa-
ters. Now it is distinctly to be seen in the
clear moonlight, and anon hid by the droop-
ing willows, as they bathe their leafy branches
in nature's mirror. The shaded lamp threw
a mild glow of silvery light around the ap-
artment. Laura had thrown herself upon the
sofa, and for some time had remained per-
fectly silent. Mother, at last she exclaimed,
it had not been five years since brother
Charles left us! Yes, my child, five long
years have flown by, and I have no tidings
from my son. Can he have died in a distant
land, without a mother's tender hand to
smooth his dying pillow, or the gentle voice
of a dearly loved sister to cheer his last mo-
ments? It cannot be; something from within
tells me that he will yet return. Can it, will
I hope, that my dear boy may yet return, my
once noble and lovely son! So saying, she
hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

Mrs. Melville was a lady of good standing in
the city of P—, of high moral worth and
mental endowment. Traces of beauty still
lingered about her well defined features—
her dark auburn hair was slightly silvered, but
by the blighting frosts of many winters, but
by sorrow's withering touch. She had three
lovely children, Charles, Mary and Laura.

Being early left a widow, the responsi-
bility devolving upon her was deeply felt, and
she earnestly strove to educate her children,
not only mentally but morally and religiously;
and having a deep sense of the importance of
the latter, her prayers arose daily for a bless-
ing upon them. Then wonder not at her
sorrowful and dejected air, when her only
son had fallen a victim to intemperance, and
had deserted her, and gone to follow out his
downward course, unrestrained, in foreign
lands.

He finished his education at an early age,
with great honors, and returned to his native
city, flushed with the success of the past and
high hopes for his future aggrandizement and
honor, to pursue the study of the profession
he had chosen, and to be a protector and com-
forter to his mother, the residue of her days.

His figure was tall and commanding, with
a broad intellectual brow. His mild dark eye
sparkled with genius, and his generous heart
warmed with affection for those around him.
He was sympathetic and liberal to a fault.
Having in his possession wealth, talents and
education, he was surrounded by many friends,
if those can be styled such, who show them-
selves friends only in the sunshine of pros-
perity, and withdraw when the dark clouds
of adversity o'er cast the scenery around.

Courted, admired, flattered, his manifold bless-
ings now proved to him a curse. But among
the many friends that surrounded him there
was one who could, without doubt, be styled
a true friend. George Fulton attended the
same institution, recited in the same classes,
and had been a competitor for the honors
with Charles Melville, and was therefore fol-
lowed acquainted with the talents and noble
heart possessed by Charles, and he loved him
for his worth alone. Fulton possessed none
of the advantages of his friend Melville, ex-
cept a good head and generous heart. Know-
ing his future standing upon the stage of
life depended upon an upright and virtuous
course, he took the first step by associating
himself with the *Sons of Temperance*. He
felt the solid foundation upon which he stood,
and wished not to stand alone. With many
forwardings for the future he observed the
pernicious effects likely to result from the
example and persuasions of Charles' associ-
ates. Diligently he sought to prove to him
the necessity of becoming a member of their
society. He urged and entreated him, but
his efforts proved fruitless. C. placed much
confidence in his own strength. His friend's
advice passed unheeded by. The friendly glass
must be taken, his friends pleased.
The weekly club must be attended, he
had to do so, it became a man of his station
and wealth. Unconsciously down, down, the
easy path to infamy, he trod, until, alas,
the habit was formed. He was bound by the
hellish chains of intemperance. He sunk to a
level with the swine that wallow in the mire.
Friends forsook him, riches going,
but his friend George Fulton forsook him not.
He made every exertion in his power to save
him, but all availed nothing. George's en-
treances and his mother's tears added only to
the bitterness of his feelings. Stung with
remorse at his fallen station, and a maddening
trailing within, he left, as we have stated
before, for a distant land, where, unre-
strained, he could indulge his evil appetite,
and his heart broken mother left the gay
scenes of former days, and sought retirement
and repose in an elegant cottage on the shore
of a lake, the situation of which was alike
solitary and beautiful.

Nature was hushed—the hum of busy life
had ceased. The streets which but a few
hours before teemed with a living throng
were now deserted, and in the populous city
of P— naught disturbed the nightly sleep
save the hurried footfall of some late wan-
derer returning from his midnight revels,
and the watchman's heavy tread, as he tra-
versed the now deserted streets. The bright
moon riding midway up the heavens lent a
crystalline luster to the surrounding scenery.

Before a large and costly dwelling in a re-

luced but fashionable portion of the city might
have been seen the tall figure of a man close-
ly wrapped in his cloak pacing to and fro
with an anguished and uneasy air.

Occasionally the moon shone full in his
face, revealing, with unerring certainty, the
foot-prints of the demon intemperance. Re-
morse and agony were likewise depicted there.
He stood before the home of former and hap-
pier days—scalding tears traced each other
down his haggard face, as he gazed upon the
noble mansion. He clasped his hands in
agony, murmuring, oh! thou home of my
childhood, thou look'st like a heaven of the
past; beneath thy roof I have spent of the
innocent days of youth. There, too, my sis-
ters played and sported in gleesome pleasure.
They say they are gone, gone away—why?
To forget me—yes to forget their own son
and brother! Ah, no, no, would that I could
think so; but no, they are gone away to pay
for me, gone to mourn, to grieve, to hide their
disgrace. My mother's warnings, her ear-
nest pleadings, my sister's tearful face, like
specters they haunt me—they are ever be-
fore me. Oh! Father of mercies, how wretched
and miserable am I! I have lost all, all
as the fool loseth his own salvation. Oh,
fatal cup, it was thou that ensnared me; with-
in thee lies the coiled serpent with gleaming
eyes, heaving with fiery breath sparkling
bubbles to the brim, waiting to destroy the
reckless being who ventures to approach thee.
Then with agitated steps he hastened
away, as if to flee from the reproach of con-
science.

In an apartment which bore undoubted evi-
dence of having seen better days, in an ob-
scure boarding house in the city of P—, sat
two young men, George Fulton and Charles
Melville. Five years had made but little dif-
ference on the appearance of George Fulton—
perhaps more thoughtful looking—no other
change. His highest aspirations had been
realized. He occupied the station that his
talents and moral worth claimed for him.
Ever watchful, he had been the first to dis-
cover, in the wretched outcast, his friend
Charles Melville. True to his pledge, and to
the promptings of a humane heart, he was
with all his former assiduity, seeking to re-
claim him from the degradation and misery
into which he had fallen. Charles sat by
the table, his head resting on his hands—be-
fore him lay the pledge, opposite sat George,
watching with intense anxiety all the various
changes of his countenance. He had almost
exhausted his eloquence urging upon Melville
the importance of putting his name to that
paper.

He now sought by gentle words to awaken
softened remembrances in his darkened mind.
Melville, little thought I, a few years ago,
when we parted at College, to see you in the
fallen condition that I now find you. How
very different were our situations then. I,
no relatives, no friends, but little wealth,
cast upon the wide cold world, without one
to direct, advise or rejoice with me, I stood
alone amid the crowds. You returned to
wealth, friends and an affectionate mother
and sisters. They welcomed you with their
smiles and blessings, bestowing upon you
that warm love which a mother and sister
alone possess to bestow, relying upon you
with true heart-felt confidence. Your wid-
owed mother looked upon you as a protector;
with your orphan sisters, you occupied the
double station of father and brother. How
you returned their love and confidence, your
own heart can answer best. Here is the
pledge, sign it, and return to your heart-bro-
ken mother.

Charles took the pen with a trembling, but
determined hand, and put his name to the
paper. It is done! he exclaimed, while a ray
of intense satisfaction played over his squalid
features. Go, foul destroyer, I have tasted
thee for the last time—yes, the last. I feel
as if new life has been given to me. Long,
long have I wished for this hour—it has come.
And you my true, my ever watchful friend,
rising and taking his hand, how can I thank
you? He could say no more—his feelings
choke further utterance, and the strong man
wept like a child. At length recovering, he
exclaimed, but I cannot yet return to my
dear mother. I cannot go to her a beggar.
The last dollar of my estate is spent, I am
 penniless. My squalid appearance would
shock her. I will enter the situation you
have kindly procured for me, and in part try
to regain some of my former appearance and
health.

George, your request to hear a description
of the manner in which I have spent the last
five years of my life, at some future day shall
be fully granted. At present my feelings
will not permit me to live over again, years
of naught but folly and vice. Of my first
steps to ruin you are fully aware. My warn-
ing voice often sounded in my ears, even
amid the boisterous uproar of the midnight
revel, but think not that during the many
days of crime and folly, conscience, that
ever watchful monitor, slept. No, its probings
drove me almost to desperation, and how
often in my better moments have I resolved
to forsake my wretched course, and dash a-
way forever that blasting cup. But in those
hours no friend was near like you, to hand
the pledge, and exhort I sought it, it was too
late. No, I acted wrong in first handling the
cup, and before I could be released from its
scorching chains, I had to drink its bitterest
dregs. Why at last I sought my native city,
I can scarcely tell, but something from with-
in whispered that there was salvation there.
My mother's tearful face arose before my
mental vision, and you stood beckoning me
homeward. Then, scarcely knowing what I
did, I embarked for home. You know the
rest of my story.

A few months after the above conversation
took place, in an apartment of a respectable
boarding house in P—, George Fulton
might have been seen pacing the room with
an uneasy air, occasionally stopping to listen
as if expecting some one. At length, speak-
ing aloud, he said, it is growing late, past
twelve. I cannot help feeling uneasy. Many
sharpers are abroad. I must go in search of
my head. A heavy hand was laid upon his
shoulder! Fulton, exclaimed Charles Melville,

I hope that you have no occasion to fear for
me. I have been but by my old home. I
must see my mother and sisters. I will re-
frain from seeing them no longer, and you
must accompany me. We will leave for there
early to-morrow. The next day found the
two friends many miles from the noisy city.

Mrs. Melville's last words had scarcely died
from off her lips, in reply to Laura's questions
relating to her brother, when a tall figure
darkened the doorway and before her stood
her long lost son.

To attempt to describe that meeting would
be folly, we therefore leave it to the imagi-
nation of the reader.

Several years have passed since the return
of that son, and Charles Melville has hourly
cause to bless the disinterested benevolence
of the *Sons of Temperance*, while they have
had no reason to regret the efforts they made
to save another human being from destruction.

For the Belmont Chronicle.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' ANNUAL MAGNETISM.

MR. HOWARD.—It is known to a few citi-
zens that the unsuccessful efforts have been
made in the past few months to procure the
Court House for the purpose of a course of
lectures on the science of Animal Magnetism.
But the Commissioners have determined that
it shall not be occupied for any such purpose,
and of course the Sheriff dare not transgress
his instructions.

I am well aware that a difference of opinion
exists as to the facts, philosophy and utility
of this science, but I am not aware that it is
just in the Commissioners to condemn any
thing, especially if they are not acquainted
with the thing condemned. It is well
known that the Court House is easy of access
to almost every thing else, decent and vulgar,
solemn and ridiculous, grand and light, politi-
cal, religious and profane on one condition,
order; and it is doubtful whether this condition
is faithfully complied with at all times. Res-
ponsible persons have been willing to obli-
gate themselves that the house should be left
in good condition if granted for this purpose;
but they peremptorily refused. It is not out
of place to say here, that only a short time
ago, an exhibition took place there so vulgar
that the ladies were insulted and left the
house.

I am satisfied that the objections to Animal
Magnetism are founded in ignorance of the
subject, and therefore are not valid. At this
time thousands of intelligent and scientific
men not only believe its facts and utility,
but are looking with deep interest to the
development of its philosophy and its applica-
tion to useful purposes. Its facts are no longer
disputed by sensible men who have taken
the pains to inform themselves. And why
the citizens of St. Clairsville, should be so
arbitrarily and unjustly deprived of the facili-
ties usually afforded in other places has not
been satisfactorily set forth. Certainly they
are as competent to care for themselves as the
citizens of Wheeling, Steubenville or any
other place. Those who are not interested,
need not attend, and those who go for decep-
tion, had better stay away, and those who de-
sire to know all that can be known, should
have the privilege.

I am aware that much prejudice exists in
the community, and that those who have
heretofore attempted demonstrations have
been denied a fair hearing, and one of them
shamefully abused, while persons were found
who did not hesitate to stoop to practice fraud
in order to ridicule the science. It may be
said that those persons were incompetent
and irresponsible. Admitted if you please!
Is this any reason why they should not be
justified? But it does not follow that all others
are of the same character. And because some
men, puffed up with a little brief authority,
have prematurely decided this question are
those who differ from them to be forever pro-
scribed, and denied the common privileges
now enjoyed by their fellow citizens?

If there is any truth or good in the science,
it must be by divine appointment, and if by
divine appointment, pertaining as it does to
man, soul and body, it is not only a privilege
but a duty to investigate it. That the Com-
missioners have a right to decide for them-
selves none will deny, but their attempt to
suppress the agitation of this subject by oth-
ers, partakes a little of the *inquisitorial*, and
seems somewhat out of place. There would
be just as much propriety in prohibiting
Methodism, Calvinism, Baptism, Whiggery or
Democracy, mere matters of opinion, as there
is in prohibiting Magnetism. Indeed there
would be more propriety for these sects and
parties are already in possession of the means
to accommodate themselves. Things have
come to a pretty pass in the 19th century,
characterized as it is at this time by the most
wonderful discoveries and inventions contradi-
cting all former experience, or rather trans-
cending it, when a great natural science, be-
lieved and taught as true and useful by many
of the most learned men in Europe and A-
merica, is denied the privilege of a fair open
and many hearing in Belmont County, Ohio,
in the place commonly occupied for all public
purposes, and where many things, a thousand
times less useful have been freely presented,
all because two or three County officers have
concluded, ex parte, that this science is not a
proper one to come before the people. The
injustice, unreasonableness, and imprudence
of this course are not only highly censurable
but too apparent to require much comment.
It is equal to prescribing what men shall see,
hear and believe; a prerogative they would be
very unwilling to have exercised in their own
cases.

I know that the tendency of the science is
urged against its demonstration. This is only
done by the ignorant and fearful. If it is
true God is its author; he is responsible for its
tendency, and we for its abuse. Natural sci-
ences tend always to wisdom and goodness; their
pervision produces opposite results.

It may be urged that persons will behave
rude; admitted. This indicates bad train-
ing, loose habits, bad examples, and the need
of better police regulations. In this land of
liberty, where religious intolerance and de-

potism are prohibited by constitutional guar-
antees, certainly men should be allowed to in-
vestigate a great natural science without mo-
lestation. But whence this tendency to vio-
lence? Usually it is aroused into action by
the remarks and suggestions of men who
would scorn to be caught in the act themselves.
I do not say this is true here; but I do say if
men who ought to know whether Magnetism
is a reality or a fiction, would take the pains
to inform themselves and give the subject
that attention and respect which its facts
challenge from all reasonable and reasoning
beings, I am satisfied that the same feeling
and conduct would be manifested by that class
of community which follows where it is led
or goes where it is commanded. I have
known of several instances where professed-
ly pious men have declared in the presence of
"fellows of the baser sort" that mesmerizers
ought to be egged, thus commencing mob vi-
olence for the suppression of that which they
could not meet with rational arguments.

In conclusion I add, that I do not claim for
magnetism any thing more than is claimed
for matters of less importance. As long as
the Court House is open for other things not
legitimately connected with its design let no
man be excluded who behaves himself decently,
and let every man hear for himself. Let it
be remembered that there are hundreds in
the country who believe in magnetism and
hundreds who desire to investigate it further.
The partiality of the Commissioners is an in-
sult to all that portion of the community.
And now I should not wonder if the doors
are closed against all in order to keep out this
one. We shall see whether petty personal
prejudices will prevail over justice and reason.

MAGNETISM.

From the Spirit of Times.

A writer from Louisville, Ky. says:
Had an agricultural fair in our neighbor-
hood some time ago, which in all probability
will be reported in full in the "Cultivator" or
"Country Gentleman." Ahead of said re-
port, however, I send you a memorandum of
some few things noticed while on the grounds.

Flowers, and Lady's Department.

Alder Blossoms and Berries.—Very large
and fine.

Bramble Berries.—Though but little care
had been expended on these, owing to their
situation in the fence corners, and were only
cultivated on one side, yet they were very
promising.

A Pound of Butter.—Extremely white &
grainy, with a handful of cow's hair, thor-
oughly mixed with it. It was neatly wrapped up
in what appeared to be a piece of old cotton
shirt.

Apple Dumplings.—More wonderful than
that which puzzled George III., as in these
specimens, owing to the gutta percha like
quality of the ingredients, the difficulty
was not, "How, how, how, pray, get the
apple in!" but how get it out!

Agricultural Implements.

An Elm bark Bridle.
Grass-sine Hatter.

"Brush" for Harrowing in Grain, &c.—
These were remarkably convenient and cheap,
as every farmer who has any trees on his
place can procure one at any time, and their
draught is not at all heavy on team.

A Farm Gate.—A new invention now
under letters patent, which is not hung as
gates usually are, but is leaved up against
the posts, and "propped" with a rail. By this
plan all expense of hinges is saved.

A "Scraper" Plow, with wooden mould
board, and one handle. A great deal of in-
genuity was displayed by the manner in which
this plow was "put up" and stocked, by the
aid of such simple means as old "hame string,"
bits of leather, and ten-penny nails.

Vegetables, &c.

Mullin.—Splendid specimens, ten feet in
height, with leaves large enough for saddle
blankets.

Iron Woods.—As everybody must "blow
his own horn" these days, you will allow your
correspondent to "swell" over these, which
he sent in, and to which the first premium
was given with acclamation.

Burrs.—A beautiful variety of these in-
teresting vegetables were on the table, from
the giant cuckle-burr (Curr. Am. Gig.) as
large as a small porcupine asleep, down to
those small black affairs with uncomfortable
names.

Spanish Needles.—(We noticed an illu-
strated wood-cut—intended as the leader for
Barnum's next week's pictorial edition—of
some holes in a fence recently sewed up with
these needles.)

Box-tail Grass.—If not useful, at least
very ornamental—see "Landscape Gardening,"
passim.

"Nubbin" Corn.—A beautiful lot, which
took a first class premium for turning out more
ears to the bush than any other variety of
this useful grain.

Live Stock.

Cur. Bitch, Vene.—Color, high brindle,
with dew claws, and a lovely litter of clever
pups. QUERY: What will a pair of these
in the New York dog-market, when a
"liver-colored pointer" is worth \$75?

A Sow, out of "Corn-crib," by an "Alliga-
tor" boar. This breed is celebrated for its
fertilizing qualifications, as they can get
through more provender faster, and retain
less superfluous fat than any other breed
known.

A Pair of Long-tail Rats (bin fed)—Parti-
cular care and attention had been expended
on these animals, they having been permitted
to "winter" unmolested in the grainery, with
the ultimate object in view of "opening up"
a trade with China in this line. Success to
Yankee enterprise, say we.

But the "cynosure of all eyes," the "ob-
served of all observers," was an animal known
as "The C. tiler."—This most noble variety
of the equine species, had not "an ounce of
superfluous flesh about him," but one eye, &
two sound legs; and yet he was expected to
go to mill—"break up" in the spring—"turn
under" in the fall—carry the old woman and
three children to "meetin'" on Sundays—

haul wood—plow corn—do much galloping
on election days—run down "the Doctor"
when the baby was sick—hunt up the stray
cow every other day—be "borrowed," and do
many other things, upon such a living as he
could pick up on the commons, or along the
road side, between times. He did it, too!
Surely the horse is "the noblest Roman of
them all," and too much praise cannot be
awarded to Cabeza de Vacca, for first intro-
ducing them into this country—(see report of
Superintendent of last Census) though we
should imagine from the name of the gentle-
man he had a strong affinity for cows—this
by the way, however.

The exhibition closed to the satisfaction of
all concerned, and we expect a great deal of
emulation, and consequent advancement, will
be the result. The society, with a generosity
unparalleled, offered a large premium for a
new manure which will enable the farmer to raise
any quantity of any kind of grain to the acre,
by merely stepping out on his back porch, &
talking about it. The guests do not quite
answer as yet.

They also recommend, as highly worthy of
extended cultivation, for its superior keeping
qualities, a variety of the apple known as the
"Scrub." One gentleman declared he had
kept a half-barrel of them for more than a
year, not a dozen of them disappearing in the
meanwhile from rot, or in any other way,
although they are as elastic as when first
gathered. They recommend also as worthy
of a second trial, the "Choke Pear."

Nothing was said about Shanghai fowls,
probably because none of us knew how to
pronounce the name. That wood-cut from
the "Knickerbocker," though of the "Gentle-
man" Shanghai, produced a profound sen-
sation. He was considered one of the ac.

Yours, C. A. P.

GOVERNORS.

The following is the list of Governors of
the several States of this Union. We put the
Whigs in italics as it is not inconvenient to do
so.

STATES. GOVERNORS. SALARY.

Alabama, Henry W. Collier, \$2,500.

Arkansas, Elias N. Conway, 1,800.

California, John Bigler, 10,000.

Connecticut, T. H. Seymour, 1,100.

Delaware, W. H. Ross, 1,333.

Florida, James E. Broome, 1,500.

Georgia, Howell Cobb, 1,000.

Illinois, Joel A. Matteson, 1,500.

Indiana, Joseph A. Wright, 1,500.

Iowa, Stephen Hempstead, 1,000.

Kentucky, L. W. Powell, 2,500.

Louisiana, Paul C. Herbert, 5,000.

Maine, J. W. Crosby, 1,500.

Maryland, Enoch L. Lowe, 3,000.

Massachusetts, J. H. Clifford, 2,900.

Michigan, Robert McClelland, 1,500.